



A BOOK OF HEROIC BALLADS



MARY W. TILESTON

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PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

A BOOK
OF
HEROIC BALLADS

SELECTED BY

MARY W. TILESTON

AUTHOR OF "DAILY STRENGTH FOR DAILY NEEDS,"

"THE QUIET HOUR," "SUGAR AND SPICE,"

ETC.

Illustrated



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M. W. T.

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A BOOK OF HEROIC BALLADS.

H O R A T I U S.

A L A Y M A D E A B O U T T H E Y E A R O F T H E C I T Y C C C L X .

LARS PORSENA of Clusium

By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain,
From many a stately market-place ;
From many a fruitful plain ;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine ;

From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old ;
From seagirt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky ;

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves ;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers ;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
 Drop in dark Auser's rill ;
 Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
 Of the Ciminian hill ;
 Beyond all streams Clitumnus
 Is to the herdsman dear ;
 Best of all pools the fowler loves
 The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman
 Is heard by Auser's rill ;
 No hunter tracks the stag's green path
 Up the Ciminian hill ;
 Unwatched along Clitumnus
 Grazes the milk-white steer ;
 Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip
 In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium
 This year, old men shall reap ;
 This year, young boys in Umbro
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep ;
 And in the vats of Luna,
 This year, the must shall foam
 Round the white feet of laughing girls,
 Whose sires have marched to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand :
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given :
“ Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena ;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven ;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome ;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome.”

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men ;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day,

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally ;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright ;
From all the spacious campaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways ;
A fearful sight it was to see,
Through two long nights and days.

For aged folk on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves, —

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands ;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain ;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate,
 There was no heart so bold,
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
 When that ill news was told.
 Forthwith up rose the Consul,
 Up rose the Fathers all ;
 In haste they girded up their gowns,
 And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
 Before the River-Gate ;
 Short time was there, ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate.
 Out spake the Consul roundly :
 “ The bridge must straight go down ;
 For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Naught else can save the town.”

Just then a scout came flying,
 All wild with haste and fear :
 “ To arms ! to arms ! Sir Consul ;
 Lars Porsena is here.”
 On the low hills to westward
 The Consul fixed his eye,
 And saw the swarthy storm of dust
 Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come ;
And louder still, and still more loud
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine ;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucomo.

There Cilnius of Arretium
 On his fleet roan was seen ;
 And Astur of the fourfold shield
 Girt with the brand none else may wield ;
 Tolumnius with the belt of gold ;
 And dark Verbenna from the hold
 By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard,
 O'erlooking all the war,
 Lars Porsena of Clusium
 Sat in his ivory car.
 By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name ;
 And by the left, false Sextus,
 That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
 Was seen among the foes,
 A yell that rent the firmament
 From all the town arose.
 On the house-tops was no woman
 But spat towards him and hissed ;
 No child but screamed out curses,
 And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
" Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down ;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town ? "

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate :
" To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods,

" And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame ?

“Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may ;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me ?”

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;
A Ramnian proud was he :
“Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.”
And out spake strong Herminius ;
Of Titian blood was he :
“I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.”

“Horatius,” quoth the Consul,
“As thou sayest, so let it be.”
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party ;
Then all were for the state ;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great ;
Then lands were fairly portioned ;
Then spoils were fairly sold ;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold :
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe ;
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.



HORATIUS.

The Three stood calm and silent
And looked upon the foes.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose ;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array ;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way ;

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines ;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines ;

And Picus, long to Clusium
 Vassal in peace and war,
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
 From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
 The fortress of Nequinum lowers
 O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath ;
 Herminius struck at Seius,
 And clove him to the teeth ;
 At Picus brave Horatius
 Darted one fiery thrust ;
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
 Rushed on the Roman Three ;
 And Lausulus of Urgo,
 The rover of the sea ;
 And Aruns of Volsinium,
 Who slew the great wild boar,
 The great wild boar that had his den
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
 And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
 Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns ;
Lartius laid Ocnus low ;
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
“ Lie there,” he cried, “ fell pirate !
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia’s walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark ;
No more Campania’s hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice-accursed sail.”

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears’ length from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But hark ! the cry is *Astur* ;
And lo ! the ranks divide ;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.

Upon his ample shoulders
 Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
 Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
 A smile serene and high ;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
 And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he : “ The she-wolf’s litter
 Stand savagely at bay ;
But will ye dare to follow
 If Astur clears the way ? ”

Then, whirling up his broadsword
 With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
 And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
 Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh ;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh ;
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
 To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space ;
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread ;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
“ And see,” he cried, “ the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here !
What noble Lucomo comes next,
To taste our Roman cheer ? ”

But at his haughty challenge
 A sullen murmur ran,
 Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
 Along that glittering van.
 There lacked not men of prowess,
 Nor men of lordly race ;
 For all Etruria's noblest
 Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
 Felt their hearts sink to see
 On the earth the bloody corpses,
 In the path the dauntless Three ;
 And, from the ghastly entrance
 Where those bold Romans stood,
 All shrank, like boys who unaware,
 Ranging the woods to start a hare,
 Come to the mouth of the dark lair
 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
 Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
 To lead such dire attack ;
 But those behind cried " Forward ! "
 And those before cried " Back ! "

And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array ;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel ;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd ;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud.
“ Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !
Now welcome to thy home !
Why dost thou stay and turn away ?
Here lies the road to Rome.”

Thrice looked he at the city ;
Thrice looked he at the dead ;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread ;
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied,
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 "Come back, come back, Horatius!"
 Loud cried the Fathers all;
 "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
 Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
 Herminius darted back;
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They heard the timbers crack.
 But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream;
 And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him !” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

“ O Tiber ! Father Tiber !
 To whom the Romans pray,
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
 Take thou in charge this day ! ”
 So he spake, and speaking sheathèd
 The good sword by his side,
 And with his harness on his back,
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank ;
 But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank ;
 And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
 Swollen high by months of rain ;
 And fast his blood was flowing ;
 And he was sore in pain,

And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows ;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place ;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

“ Curse on him ! ” quoth false Sextus :
“ Will not the villain drown ?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town ! ”
“ Heaven help him ! ” quoth Lars Porsena,
“ And bring him safe to shore ;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom ;
Now on dry earth he stands ;

Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands ;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
 That was of public right,
 As much as two strong oxen
 Could plough from morn till night ;
 And they made a molten image,
 And set it up on high,
 And there it stands unto this day
 To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
 Plain for all folk to see ;
 Horatius in his harness,
 Halting upon one knee ;
 And underneath is written,
 In letters all of gold,
 How valiantly he kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home ;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within ;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close ;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows ;

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume ;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom :
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.



THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

1809.

Nor a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him !

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.



THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
 head,
 And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
 But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
 And we heard the distant random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
 But we left him alone with his glory !

CHARLES WOLFE.

IVRY.

1590

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all
glories are !

And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of
Navarre !

Now let there be the merry sound of music and of
dance,

Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O
pleasant land of France.

And thou Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city
of the waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning
daughters.

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our
joy,

For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought
thy walls annoy.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! a single field hath turned the
chance of war,

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh ! how our hearts were beating, when, at the
dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long
array ;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel
peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flem-
ish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses
of our land ;
And dark Mayenne was in their midst, a truncheon
in his hand :
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's
empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his
blood ;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the
fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of
Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor
drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his
gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his
eye ;

He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was
stern and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from
wing to wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save
our Lord the King."

"An' if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he
may,

For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst
the ranks of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of
Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the min-
gled din,

Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roar-
ing culverin.

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's
plain,

With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and
Almayne.

Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen
of France,

Charge for the golden lilies, — upon them with the
lance.

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand
spears in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the
snow-white crest ;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like
a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of
Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne
hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish
count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a
Biscay gale ;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags,
and cloven mail,
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along
our van,
“Remember Saint Bartholomew,” was passed from
man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, “No Frenchman is
my foe :
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your
brethren go.”
Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship
or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of
Navarre ?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought
for France to-day ;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a
prey ;
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight ;
And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet
white.
Our own true Maximilian, the cornet white hath
ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of
false Lorraine.
Up with it high ; unfurl it wide ; that all the host
may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which
wrought his church such woe ;
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their
loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry
of Navarre.

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ; Ho ! matrons of Lu-
cerne ;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who
never shall return.
Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor
spearmen's souls.

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your
arms be bright ;

Ho ! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and
ward to-night.

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath
raised the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor
of the brave.

Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories
are,

And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of
Navarre.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THE REVENGE.

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

AUGUST, 1591.

AT Flores in the Azores, Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying
from far away :

“Spanish ships-of-war at sea ! we have sighted
fifty-three !”

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard : “’Fore God I
am no coward ;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out
of gear,

And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but
follow quick.

We are six ships of the line ; can we fight with
fifty-three ?”

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville : “ I know you are
no coward ;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.

But I’ve ninety men and more that are lying sick
ashore.

I should count myself the coward if I left them, my
Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of
Spain."

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war
that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer
heaven ;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from
the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below ;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were
not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of
the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship
and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard
came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather
bow.

“ Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die !
There 'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.”
And Sir Richard said again : “ We be all good
English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of
the devil,
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet.”

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a
hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of
the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety
sick below ;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the
left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on through the long sea-
lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their
decks and laughed,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad
little craft
Running on and on, till delayed

By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen
hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning
tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us
like a cloud,
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the star-
board lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought her-
self and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill-
content ;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought
us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and
musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that
shakes his ears,
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far
over the summer sea,

But never a moment ceased the fight of the one
and the fifty-three.

Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-
built galleons came,

Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her
battle-thunder and flame ;

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back
with her dead and her shame.

For some were sunk and many were shattered, and
so could fight us no more —

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the
world before ?

For he said “ Fight on ! fight on ! ”

Though his vessel was all but a wreck ;

And it chanced that, when half of the summer night
was gone,

With a grisly wound to be drest, he had left the
deck,

But a bullet struck him that was dressing it sud-
denly dead,

And himself, he was wounded again in the side and
the head.

And he said “ Fight on ! fight on ! ”

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out
far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round
us all in a ring ;
But they dared not touch us again, for they feared
that we still could sting,
So they watched what the end would be,
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maimed for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate
strife ;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of
them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the
powder was all of it spent ;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side ;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
“ We have fought such a fight, for a day and a night,
As may never be fought again !
We have won great glory, my men !
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore.
We die — does it matter when ?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split
her in twain !
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of
Spain ! ”

And the gunner said "Ay, ay," but the seamen
made reply :

"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to
let us go ;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to
the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore
him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard
caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace ;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried :
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant
man and true ;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die !"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so
valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so
cheap

That he dared her with one little ship and his
English few ;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught
they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the
deep,
And they manned the Revenge with a swarthier,
alien crew,
And away she sailed with her loss and longed for
her own ;
When a wind from the lands they had ruined awoke
from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to
moan,
And or ever that evening ended, a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-
quake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their
masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-
shattered navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the
island crags,
To be lost evermore in the main.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE Mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave ! —
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.



YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below, —
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

1780-1781

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold ;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree ;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea ;
We know its walks of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near !
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear ;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,

And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again ;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil ;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads —
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'T is life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain ;
'T is life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.

A moment in the British camp —
A moment — and away,
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs ;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band,
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

OLD IRONSIDES.

Av, tear her tattered ensign down !
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky ;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar, —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee ;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea !

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave ;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave ;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

LOCHINVAR.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
And save his good broadsword, he weapon had
none,

He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for
stone,

He swam the Eske river where ford there was
none ;

But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of young Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen, and brothers, and
all :

Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his
sword,

(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)

“O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?”

“I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
“Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did
fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume;

And the bride-maidens whispered, “ ’T were better
by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Loch-
invar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger
stood near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung.
“ She is won ! we are gone over bank, bush and
scaur ;
“ They ’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Graemes of the Nether-
by clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
they ran :
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

GEORGE NIDIVER.

MEN have done brave deeds,
And bards have sung them well ;
I of good George Nidiver
Now the tale will tell.

In Californian mountains
A hunter bold was he ;
Keen his eye and sure his aim
As any you should see.

A little Indian boy
Followed him everywhere,
Eager to share the hunter's joy,
The hunter's meal to share.

And when the bird or deer
Fell by the hunter's skill,
The boy was always near
To help with right good-will.

One day as through the cleft
Between two mountains steep,
Shut in both right and left,
Their questing way they keep,

They see two grizzly bears,
With hunger fierce and fell,
Rush at them unawares,
Right down the narrow dell.

The boy turned round with screams,
And ran with terror wild ;
One of the pair of savage beasts
Pursued the shrieking child.

The hunter raised his gun, —
He knew one charge was all, —
And through the boy's pursuing foe
He sent his only ball.

The other on George Nidiver
Came on with dreadful pace ;
The hunter stood unarmed,
And met him face to face.

I say *unarmed* he stood :
Against those frightful paws
The rifle-butt, or club of wood,
Could stand no more than straws.

George Nidiver stood still,
And looked him in the face ;
The wild beast stopped amazed,
Then came with slackening pace.

Still firm the hunter stood,
Although his heart beat high ;
Again the creature stopped,
And gazed with wondering eye.

The hunter met his gaze,
Nor yet an inch gave way ;
The bear turned slowly round,
And slowly moved away.

What thoughts were in his mind
It would be hard to spell ;
What thoughts were in George Nidiver
I rather guess than tell.

But sure that rifle's aim,
Swift choice of generous part,
Showed in its passing gleam
The depths of a brave heart.

ANONYMOUS.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

OCTOBER 25, 1854.

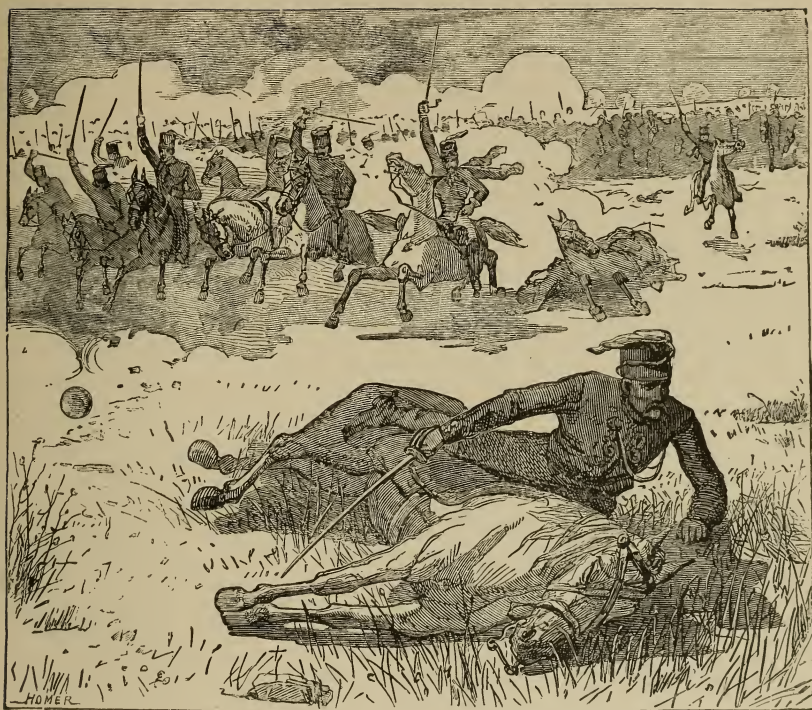
HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward the Light Brigade !
Charge for the guns !” he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade !”
Was there a man dismayed ?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered ;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volleyed and thundered ;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
 Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered ;



THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

All in the Valley of Death rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade! Charge for the guns!” he said.

Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar ;

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges :
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended ;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded :
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE.

TRAMPLE ! trample ! went the roan,
Trap ! trap ! went the gray ;
But pad ! *pad* ! PAD ! like a thing that was mad,
My chestnut broke away.
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to day.

Thud ! THUD ! came on the heavy roan,
Rap ! RAP ! the mettled gray ;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
That she showed them all the way.
Spur on ! spur on ! — I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good-day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool,—
Splintered through fence and rail ;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate,—
I saw them droop and tail.
To Salisbury town — but a mile of down,
Once over this brook and rail.

Trap ! trap ! I heard their echoing hoofs
Past the walls of mossy stone ;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate, and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.

But trample ! trample ! came their steeds,
And I saw their wolf's eyes burn ;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the May,
And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat ;
One blow, and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice, and missed ;
I sliced the villain's crown,—
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast to Salisbury town !

Pad ! pad ! they came on the level sward,
Thud ! thud ! upon the sand,—
With a gleam of swords and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand ;
But one long bound, and I passed the gate,
Safe from the canting band.

WALTER THORNBURY.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

APRIL 18 AND 19, 1775.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five ;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, " If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal-light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, " Good-night ! " and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war ;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height

A glimmer, and then a gleam of light !
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns !

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet :
That was all ! And yet through the gloom and the
light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night ;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides ;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere ;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore !
For, borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1862.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall, —

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind ; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down ;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

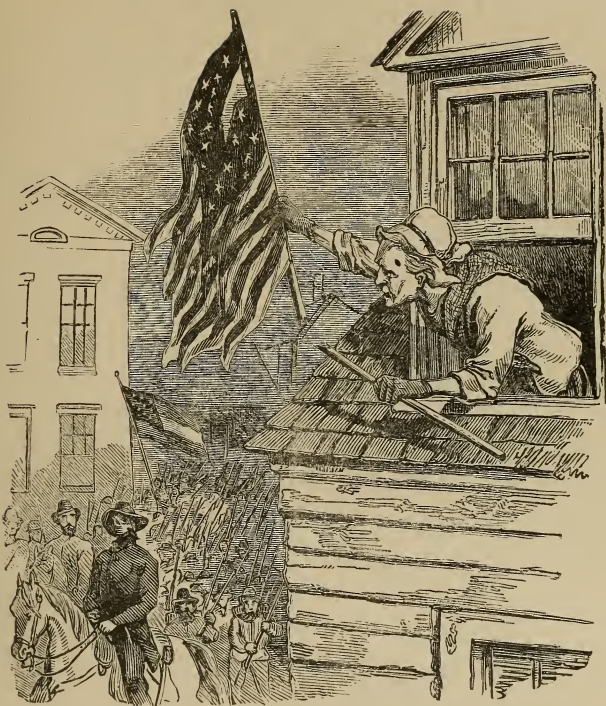
Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced ; the old flag met his sight.

“ Halt ! ” — the dust-brown ranks stood fast ;
“ Fire ! ” — out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara seized the silken scarf ;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“Shoot, if you must, this old, gray head,
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and word :

“Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog ! March on !” he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet :

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the royal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

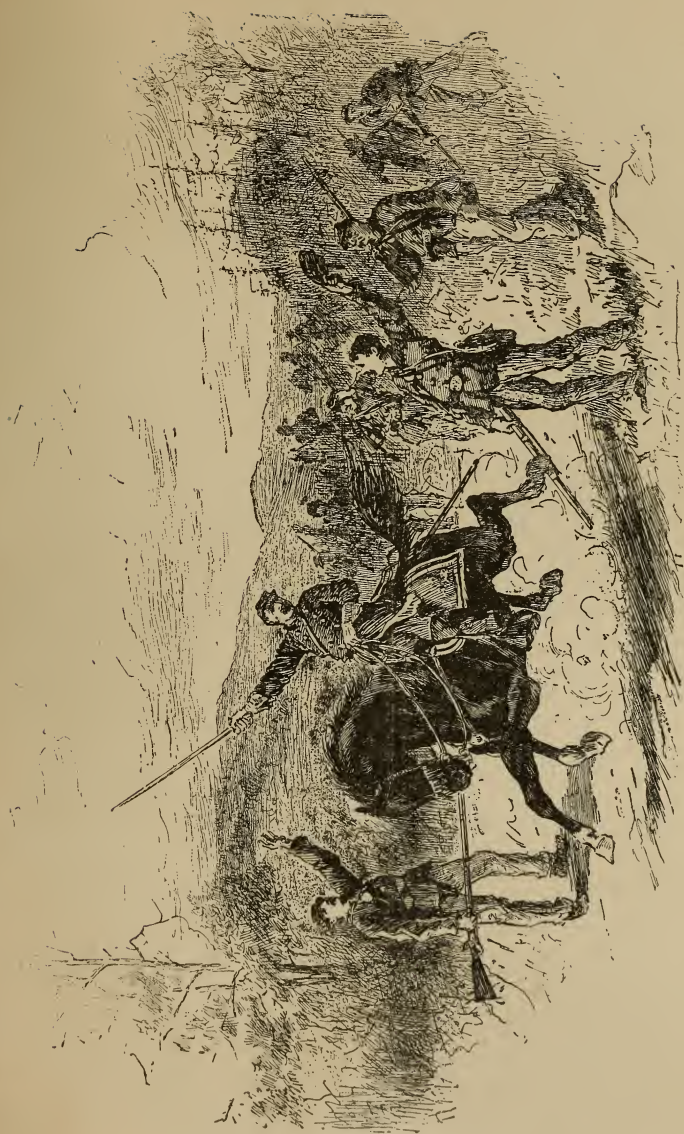
SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

OCTOBER 19, 1864.

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar ;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down ;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,



Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!

A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need ;
He stretched away with his utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth ;
Or a trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind ;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done? what to do? A glance told him
both.

Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
because

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray ;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day !"

Hurrah ! hurrah for Sheridan !
Hurrah ! hurrah for horse and man !
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame, —
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away !"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1857.

OH, that last day in Lucknow fort !
We knew that it was the last ;
That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death ;
And the men and we all worked on ;
It was one day more, of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee ;
“When my father comes hame frae the pleugh,”
she said,
“Oh ! then please wauken me !”

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flecking of woodbine shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death ;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep ; and I had my dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden ; — a sudden scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening ;
And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she caught my hand
And drew me near and spoke :

“ *The Highlanders !* oh, dinna ye hear?
The slogan far awa’?
The McGregor’s? Ah ! I ken it weel ;
It’s the grandest o’ them a’ !

“ God bless thae bonny Highlanders !
We ’re saved ! we ’re saved ! ” she cried ;
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Poured forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
 Had fallen among the men ;
And they started, for they were there to die ;
 Was life so near them, then ?

They listened for life ; and the rattling fire
 Far off, and the far-off roar,
Were all ; and the colonel shook his head,
 And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said : “ That slogan ’s dune ;
 But can ye no hear them, noo,
The Campbells are comin ? It ’s no a dream ;
 Our succors hae broken through ! ”

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
 But the pipes we could not hear ;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
 And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard,
 A shrilling, ceaseless sound ;
It was no noise of the strife afar,
 Or the sappers underground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders !
 And now they played *Auld Lang Syne*.
It came to our men like the voice of God,
 And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another's hand,
And the women sobbed in a crowd ;
And every one knelt down where we stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first ;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
From the men like a volley burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
Marching round and round our line ;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
For the pipers played *Auld Lang Syne*.

ROBERT T. S. LOWELL.

Are there not many who remember (who can forget ?) that scene in the Sikh War, when the distant gleam of arms and flash of friendly uniform was descried by a little exhausted army among the hills, and the Scotch pipes struck up, *Oh ! but ye were lang a-comin !* The incident in the present case may not be historical, but it is true to nature, and intrinsically probable, which is all that poetry needs in that respect.

“HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD
NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.”

[16—]

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
“Good speed !” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew ;
“Speed !” echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace,
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique
right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned
clear ;

At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the
half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, " Yet there is time ! "

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his
track ;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that
glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and
anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, "Stay
spur !

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her,
We 'll remember at Aix " — for one heard the
quick wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
chaff ;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And " Gallop," gasped Joris, " for Aix is in sight ! "

" How they 'll greet us ! " and all in a moment his
roan

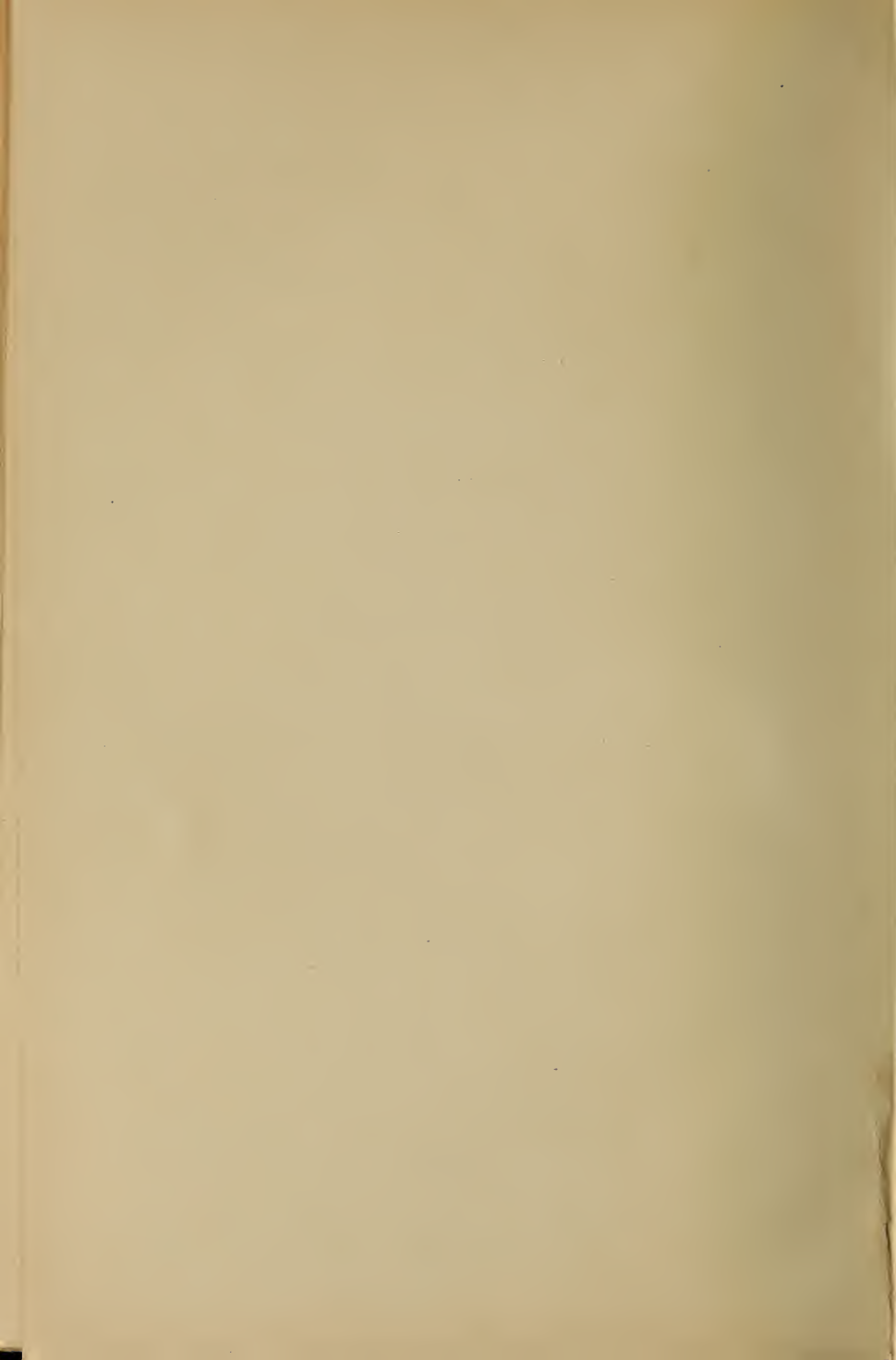
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
 peer ;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise,
 bad or good,
Till at length into Aix, Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the
 ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of
 wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
 from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.



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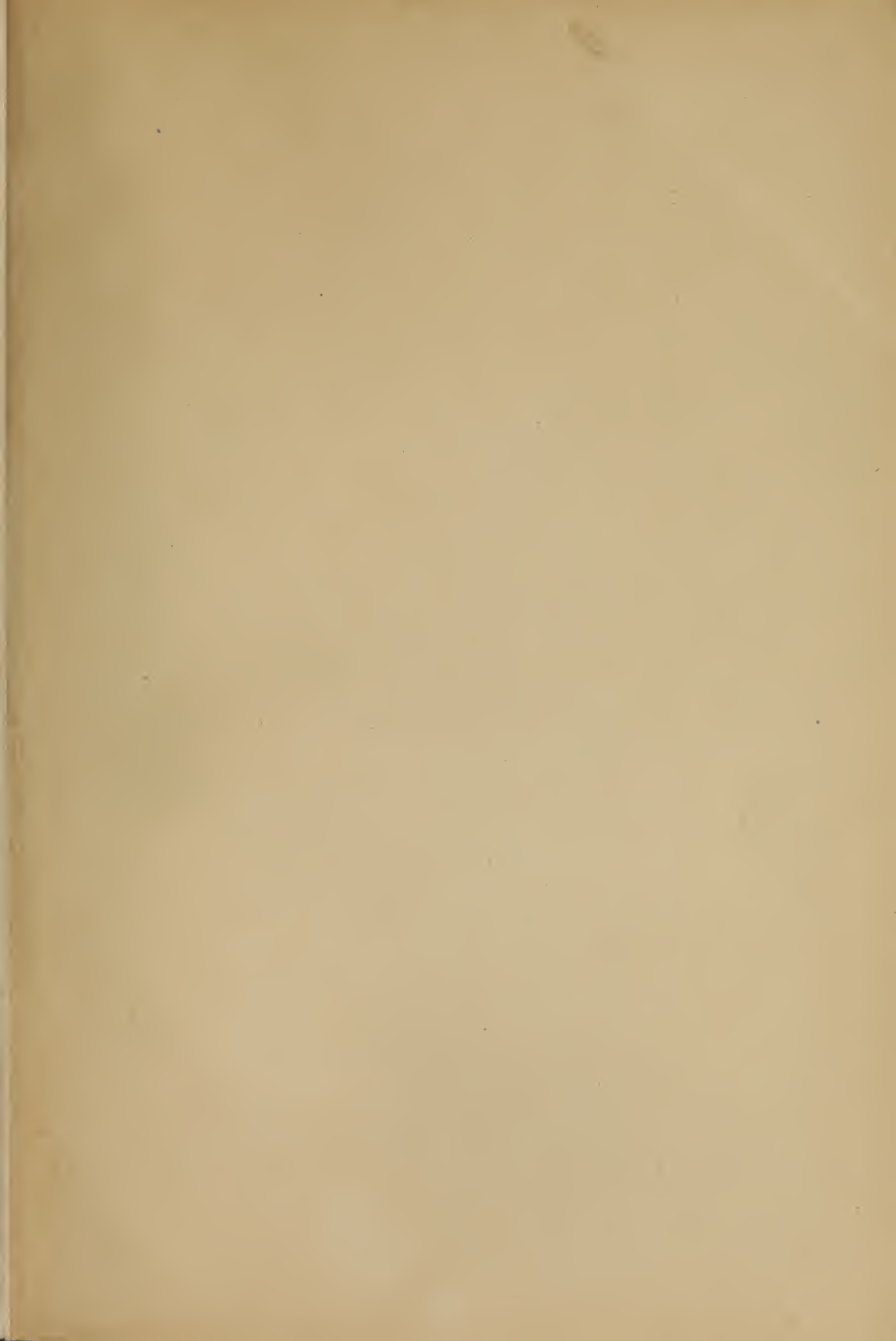
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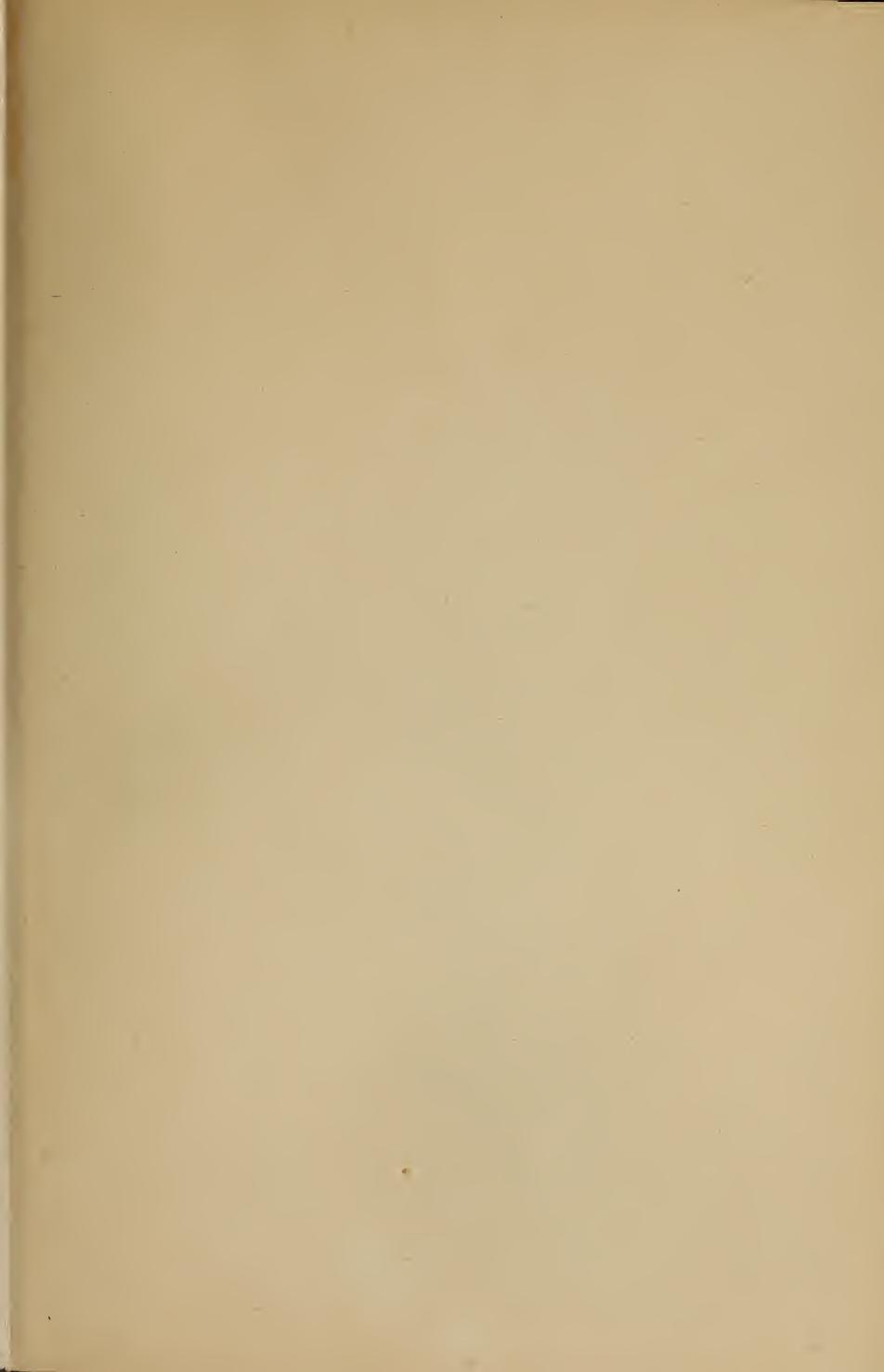
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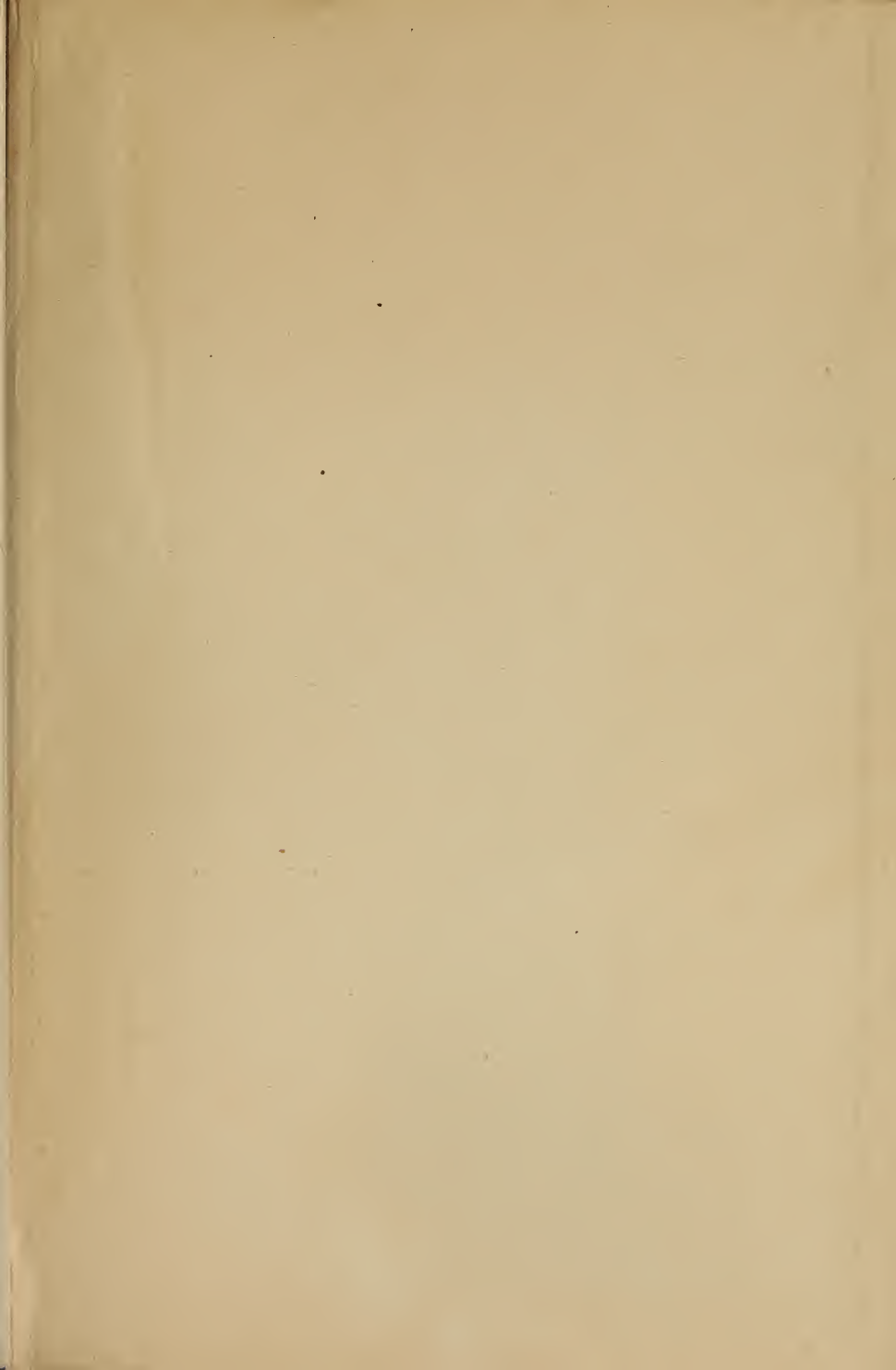
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